

THOUGHTFUL HOURS

BY H.L.L.

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By

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"The Story of Four Centuries;" "Missionary
Evenings at Home," &c.*

Jane Barthwick



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MOST of the following Poems have appeared in various Periodicals, and some of them have been printed together under the title of "*Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours.*" The favourable reception given to these by the public, has led to the whole being collected in the present volume.

EDINBURGH, *December* 1862.

Preface to Third Edition.

THE present edition of "*Thoughtful Hours*" will be found considerably enlarged, by the addition of poems written since the date of the last volume.

EDINBURGH, 1867.



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THOUGHTFUL HOURS.

NEW YEAR GREETINGS.

REJOICE, my fellow-pilgrim ! for another
stage is o'er
Of the weary homeward journey, to be
travelled through no more :

No more these clouds and shadows shall darken all
our sky ;

No more these snares and stumbling-blocks across
our path shall lie.

Rejoice, my fellow-soldier ! for another long campaign
Is ended, and its dangers have not been met in vain ;

Some enemies are driven back, some ramparts over-
thrown;

Some earnest given that victory at length shall be
our own !

Rejoice, my fellow-servant ! for another year is
past;

The heat and burden of the day will not for ever
last;

And yet the work is pleasant now, and sweet the
Master's smile,

And well may we be diligent through all our "little
while."

Rejoice, my Christian brother ! for the race is nearer
run,

And home is drawing nearer with each revolving
sun;

And if some ties are breaking here, of earthly hope
and love,

More sweet are the attractions of the better land
above.

The light that shone through all the past will still our
steps attend,
The Guide who led us hitherto will lead us to the
end;
The distant view is brightening;—with fewer clouds
between,
The golden streets are gleaming now, the pearly gates
are seen.

Oh, for the joyous greetings there! to meet and part
no more!
For ever with the Lord and all his loved ones gone
before!
New mercies from our Father's hand with each new
year may come,
But that will be the best of all—a blissful welcome
home.





"O LORD, THOU KNOWEST!"

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest :
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,
I come before thee at thy gracious word,
And lay them at thy feet,—thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past,—how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed,—
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the
pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength
again.

Thou knowest all the present,—each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear!
All pensive memories, as I journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles, and voices gone!

Thou knowest all the future,—gleams of gladness,
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,—
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.—
Oh, what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path, but this,—*thou knowest, Lord!*

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing,—
As man, our mortal weakness thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
Oh, Saviour! thou hast wept, and thou hast
loved!
And love and sorrow still to thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed, I leave thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known!





ANTICIPATIONS.



AND is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One Shepherd, and one fold?

Shall every idol perish,
"To moles and bats" be thrown?
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?

Shall all that now divides us
Remove, and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?

Shall war be learned no longer?
Shall strife and tumult cease?
All earth his blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace!

O long-expected dawning,
Come, with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?

O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labour,
Till the dark night be gone.





A REAL INCIDENT.

The affecting incident which gave rise to these verses occurred as related, in 1855, in the north of Scotland.



TWO brothers left their cottage home
On a bright April morn;
The lark was singing in the sky,
The linnet on the thorn;
Their mother watched them as they sped,
So gaily up the hill,
No thought of fear was in her heart,
No shade of coming ill.

But evening came—and they came not,—
Then a long stormy night
Of agonizing fears wore on;
And, with the morning light,

An eager, sympathizing band,
Took in a boat their way,
Round the dark rocks which girdled in
A small sequestered bay.

The dark red precipices rose
Sheer from the deep below,
With caverns hollowed by the waves
Of ages long ago.

'Twas a wild spot,—a giddy height
To look at from beneath;
And from above, one thoughtless step
Were sure and fearful death.

A narrow space of stones and sand
The low tides had left bare,—
There was a brief and anxious search,—
They found the lost ones there!
Clasped in each other's arms they lay,
All lifeless, pale, and cold,—
Oh, what a tale of agony
Did the first glance unfold!

With one the mortal strife had passed,
All aid for him was vain;
But one still breathed,—*he* lived to see
His mother's face again.

And ere his spirit passed away,
They asked him, "Was it not
An awful night, of pain and fear,
You spent on that lone spot,

With the wild precipice above,
And *death* so close beside?"

But with a placid look and smile,
The dying boy replied,—
"*Our grandmother was with us there;*
She stayed the whole night long;
And through the noise of winds and waves
I always heard her song;

"The old low song she used to sing
So often, long ago,
When we were young,—before she died,
And went to heaven, you know.

And when I knew that *she* was near,
I could not feel afraid."—
'Twas a strange answer!—who shall tell
The meaning it conveyed?

Was it some idle phantasy
Of the boy's fevered brain,
That cheered him through those dreary hours
Of mortal fear and pain,—
Some passing sounds by fancy borne
On the cold midnight air?
Or did the kindred spirit come,
And keep love's vigil there?

Answer us, blessed souls in rest,
From your bright homes on high!
Tell us, if still on this poor earth
Ye look with pitying eye,—
If the departed still may come,
In hours of want and woe,
As "ministering spirits" sent
To those they loved below?

Vain questions of the weary soul!
We know the Voice that said,
“Let not your hearts, who trust in Me,
Be troubled or afraid;
For I am with you evermore
According to my word.”—
Let this suffice for faith and hope;
So be it, gracious Lord!





IT IS WELL.

“He hath done all things well.”—MARK vii. 37.

SO they said, who saw the wonders
Of Messiah's power and love; —
So they sing, who see his glory
In the Father's house above;
Ever reading, in each record
Of the strangely varied past,
“All was well which God appointed,
All has wrought for good at last.”

And on earth we hear the echoes
Of that chorus in the sky;
Through the day of toil or weeping,
Faith can raise a glad reply.

It is well, O saints departed,
Well with you, for ever blest;
Well with us, who journey forward
To your glory and your rest!

Times are changing, days are flying,
Years are quickly past and gone,
While the wildly mingled murmur
Of life's busy hum goes on;
Sounds of tumult, sounds of triumph,
Marriage chimes and passing-bell,—
Yet through all one key-note sounding,
Angels' watchword,—“It is well.”

We may hear it, through the rushing
Of the midnight tempest's wave,—
We may hear it, through the weeping
Round the newly covered grave;
In the dreary house of mourning,
In the darkened room of pain,
If we listen meekly, rightly,
We may catch that soothing strain.

For thine arm thou hast not shortened,
Neither turned away thine ear,
O Saviour, ever ready
The afflicted's prayer to hear!
Show us light, still surely resting
Over all thy darkest ways;
Give us faith, still surely trusting
Through the sad and evil days.

And thus, while years are fleeting,
Though our joys are with them gone,
In thy changeless love rejoicing
We shall journey calmly on;
Till at last, all sorrow over,
Each our tale of grace shall tell,
In the heavenly chorus joining,—
“Lord, thou hast done all things well!”





"HOW LONG?"

How long, Lord? wilt thou hide thyself for ever? Return,
O Lord, how long?—Ps. lxxxix. 46; xc. 13.



OW long, O Lord, in weariness and sorrow,
Must thy poor people tread the pilgrim
road,

Mourning to-day, and fearing for to-morrow,—
Finding no place of rest, no sure abode?—

Sighing o'er faded flowers and cisterns broken;
Gazing on setting suns, that rise no more;
List'ning to sad farewells, and last words spoken
By loved ones leaving us on Jordan's shore!

How long, through snares of error and temptation,
Shall noblest spirits stumble on their way?
How long, through darkening storms of tribulation,
Must we press forward to eternal day?

How long shall passing faults and trifles sever
Hearts that have known affection's holy tie?
When shall the slanderer's tale be hushed for ever,
And brethren see in all things eye to eye?

How long shall last the night of toil and sadness,
The midnight hour of gloomy doubts and fears?
When shall it dawn, that promised morn of gladness,
When thine own hand shall wipe away our tears?

How long, O Lord? our hearts are sad and weary,
Our voices join the whole creation's groan;—
With eager gaze we watch for thine appearing,—
When wilt thou come again, and claim thine own?

Return! return! come in thy power and glory,
With all thy risen saints and angel throng;
Bring to a close time's strange, mysterious story,—
How long dost thou delay,—O Lord, how long?





DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

ZECH. xiv. 6, 7.



DO not doubt my safety,—that Thy hand
Will still uphold, and guard me to the
last;

And that my feet on Canaan's hills shall stand,
When the long wilderness is overpast;
But often faith is weak, and hope is low,—
Forward, indeed, but faint and wearily I go.

I do not doubt *Thy* love, my Lord, my God!
The love which suffered and which died for me;
The love which sought me on the downward road,
Unclasped the fetters, set the captive free;
But mine seems now so languid, dull, and cold,—
O for the blissful hours which I have known of old!

I do not doubt thy wise and holy will
Is ever guiding, ruling for the best;
I know my chast'ning Father loves me still,
And that the end is everlasting rest;—
But when the path through clouds and tombs leads on,
Oh, it is hard to say, Thy will, not mine, be done!

I do not doubt, unworthy though I be,
Thy worthiness, my Saviour, is my own;
One of thy many mansions is for me,
In the good land where sorrow is unknown;—
But often clouds obscure the distant scene,
And from the flood I shrink, which darkly rolls
between.

Ah! whence this dullness? why, O faithless heart,
Thus sadly linger on the pilgrim way?
Why not with girded robes arise, depart,
And speed thy progress to the land of day?
Nor longer mourn the present or the past,
But press towards the prize, which shall be thine at
last.

Lord, at the evening time let there be light!

Unveil thy presence, bid all darkness fly;
Surely, ere now, far spent must be the night,

The morning comes, the journey's end is nigh.
Renew my strength, the shortened race to run,
Till glory crown the work which grace has here
 begun!





A PARTING SCENE.

THE evening shadows darkened o'er a long
calm summer day,
When we gathered in the chamber where a
dying brother lay;
A brave yet gentle spirit, whose earthly course was run,
Whose life of love and labour closed with that bright
setting sun.

Not many words were spoken, not many sighs were
heard,
As through the quiet twilight-hour we watched and
ministered,
And felt as only they can feel, who count such
moments o'er,
While gazing on the form beloved they soon must see
no more!

And one, of all the dearest, was nearest to his side,
In silent anguish bending under grief's o'erflowing
tide;

So long, in sorrow and in joy, had these two hearts
been one,

It seemed as though she could not stay, if he indeed
were gone.

But earthly joys and sorrows for him were ended
now,—

The calmness of a better land was resting on his
brow;

And when to that sad mourner he softly turned and
spoke,

It was as though a spirit-voice the solemn stillness
broke:—

“Now my last prayer is answered, my last desire is
given,—

Each hope of earth is yielded up, each wish transferred
to heaven;

From nature's latest weakness my Saviour sets me
free,—

He gives me strength to separate, Elizabeth, *from
thee!*"

And strangely mournful earnestness was in his look
and tone,

As slowly from her trembling hand he disengaged his
own;—

While on our sinking hearts a cloud of deeper dark-
ness fell,

A shadow from the sepulchre came with that last
farewell.

But the pale weeper started, and faith and courage
high,

Gave sudden colour to her cheek, and brightness to
her eye,

While she spoke in words which sounded like a
whisper from above,

An angel-message sent us by the God of light and
love:—

“Not so, my friend and brother! I take this hand
again,
In token of a lasting bond, unbroken to remain!
Still as mine own I claim it, I clasp it to my heart;
For those in Christ united, not death itself can part!”

Then a gleam of heavenly radiance illumed those
dying eyes,
Like sunbeams breaking suddenly through clouded
evening skies;—
And thus a noble spirit passed from mortal toils away,
And earthly twilight was exchanged for everlasting
day!





**"AT EVENING TIME THERE SHALL
BE LIGHT."**



LIGHT at the evening time!

Oh, blessed hope, when on the waters
dark

Faith's straining eye can scarce discern the Ark,
And the poor dove, in weary flight around,
No olive branch has found!

Light at the evening time!

Oh, blessed hope, when brightest suns have set
In strange eclipse, while it was noonday yet,
And we remain in chill and silent fear
Within the shadow drear!

Light at the evening time!

Oh, precious promise, shining through the gloom,
When a sad nation stands around the tomb
Where Genius sleeps, and dearest hopes are laid
Low in death's awful shade!

Light at the evening time!

Oh, cheering thought, when Thy mysterious ways
Leave us, O Father, in the strange amaze
Where faith can only anchor on that word,
"So hast thou willed, good Lord!"

Light at the evening time!

Yes, suddenly and dark the thunder-cloud
May wrap the skies of noon in deepest shroud,
But the sun is not quenched,—a golden ray
Shall come ere close of day.

Light at the evening time!

Oh, God of love! no darkness dwells with thee,
And in thy light at last we light shall see;
Thy covenant of promise faileth never,—
Thine own are thine for ever!

Light at the evening time!
Let us walk forward, through the cloudy day,
Till we arrive where storms are passed away,
And all eternity's disclosures tell,
God hath done all things well!

December 29, 1856.





PRAYER OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

“From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.”—Ps. lxi. 2.



ALL in weakness, all in sorrow,
O my God, I come once more,
Lifting up the sad petition
Thou hast often heard before,
In the former days of darkness,
In the time of need of yore.

For a present help in trouble
Thou hast never ceased to be,
Since at first a weeping sinner
Fell before thee trustingly;
And thy voice is ever sounding,
“O ye weary, come to Me.”

Lord, thou knowest all the weakness
Of the creatures thou hast made,
For with mortal imperfection
Thou didst once thy glory shade;
Thou hast loved and thou hast sorrowed,
In the veil of flesh arrayed.

Thus I fear not to approach thee
With my sorrow and my care;
Hear my mourning supplication,
Cast not out my humble prayer!
Lay not on a greater burden
Than thy feeble child can bear!

Earth has lost its best attractions,
All the brightest stars are gone,—
All is clouded now and cheerless,
Where so long a glory shone:
Where I walked with loved companions,
I must wander now alone.

All is dark on the horizon,
Clouds returning after rain;—
Faith is languid, Hope is weary,
And the questions rise again,
“Doth the promise fail for ever?
Hast thou made all men in vain?”

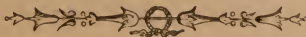
O my God, rebuke the tempter,
Let not unbelief prevail!
Pray for me, thy feeble servant,
That my weak faith may not fail,
Nor my Hope let go her anchor
When the waves and storms assail!

All these passing, changing shadows,
All these brief, bright joys below,—
Let me grasp them not so closely,
Nor desire nor prize them so!
Nor endure this bitter anguish
When thou bid'st me let them go!

O Redeemer, shall one perish
Who has looked to thee for aid?
Let me see thee, let me hear thee,
Through the gloomy midnight shade!
Let me hear thy voice of comfort,
“It is I; be not afraid!”

For when feeling *thou* art near me,
All my loneliness is o’er,
And the tempter’s dark suggestions
Can oppress my soul no more;—
I shall dread the path no longer
Where thyself hast gone before.

And the lights of earth all fading,
I can gaze on tearlessly,
When the glory that excelleth,
When the light of life, I see.
Whom beside, in earth or heaven,
Should my heart desire, but thee?





ALL THINGS NEW.

2 COR. v. 17; REV. xxi. 5.



THOU makest all things new!

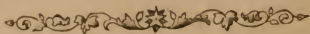
Old things have passed away,—the hopes
and fears,

The joys and griefs, of unconverted years:
And as they sunk at once, or slowly fled,
Some sighs were heaved, some bitter tears were shed;
For not without a pang can the fond heart
From its long-cherished idols bear to part:
But that is over,—if some joys were there,
Oh, how much more of sorrow and of care!
Let them depart; or, in the silent hour
When Memory reigns with her resistless power,
If they return to haunt the soul again
With fond regrets, and images of pain,

Then to thyself, all weary and oppressed,
Help us, O Lord, to fly, and find our rest;
And let all mental storm and conflict cease,
Before thy words of blessing and of peace.

Thou makest all things new!
Within the broken heart new hopes arise,
New prospects cheer the mourner's weeping eyes;
Over the gloomy past a light has shone,
And all its phantoms of despair are flown;
From the dark future comes a cheering ray,
The smiling dawn of an eternal day.
New sweetness breathes in every present bliss,
And sorrow's cup has lost its bitterness;
New motives, objects, energies, extend
All through life's journey, to the welcome end.
—Shame on the faithless heart and feeble knees
Which falter on, uncheered by thoughts like these!
Rather, with hearts enlarged, and eager pace,
Strengthen us, Lord, to run th' appointed race,
Above all nature's weakness bravely rise,
And press towards the mark, to gain the prize!

Thou makest all things new!
New upon earth, and, oh! what vistas given
Of brighter hopes to be fulfilled in heaven!
Eye hath not seen, and words may not declare,
The things prepared for thy redeemed ones there;
Where countless myriads, one in heart and voice,
In the new song of love and praise rejoice,—
“Worthy art thou, O Saviour divine;
Glory and honour be for ever thine!
For us thyself hast suffered and obeyed,—
With thine own blood our ransom thou hast paid;
Now faultless we appear before thy throne,—
The bliss is ours, the glory all thine own:
Strong in thy strength, the weakest have prevailed,
Of all thy promises not one has failed,—
All is fulfilled, which faith and hope received,
When on the earth we saw not, yet believed;
All the report we heard in days of old,
All has been true,—but not the half was told!”





EBENEZER.

“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”—I SAM. vii. 12.



HUS far the Lord hath led us on,—in darkness and in day,

Through all the varied stages of the narrow
homeward way.

Long since, *he* took that journey, he trod that path
alone;

Its trials and its dangers full well himself hath known.

Thus far the Lord hath led us,—the promise has not
failed,

The enemy encountered oft has never quite prevailed:
The shield of faith has turned aside, or quenched
each fiery dart;

The Spirit's sword, in weakest hands, has forced him
to depart.

Thus far the Lord hath led us,—the waters have been
high,

But yet in passing through them we felt that he was
nigh.

A very present helper in trouble we have found;
His comforts most abounded when our sorrows did
abound.

Thus far the Lord hath led us,—our need has been
supplied,

And mercy has encompassed us about on every side;
Still falls the daily manna, the pure rock-fountains flow,
And many flowers of love and hope along the way-
side grow.

Thus far the Lord hath led us,—and will he now for-
sake

The feeble ones whom for his own it pleased him to
take?

Oh, never, never! earthly friends may cold and faith-
less prove,

But his is changeless pity, and everlasting love.

Calmly we look behind us, on joys and sorrows past;
We know that all is mercy now, and shall be well at
last.

Calmly we look before us,—we fear no future ill;
Enough for safety and for peace, if *thou* art with us
still.

Yes, “They that know thy name, O Lord, shall put
their trust in thee,”

While nothing in themselves but sin and helplessness
they see.

The race thou hast appointed us, with patience we
can run;

Thou wilt perform unto the end the work thou hast
begun.





LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

“Always abounding in the work of the Lord.”—

I COR. xv. 58.



COME, labour on!

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain?

While all around him waves the golden
grain,

And to each servant does the Master say,

“Go, work to-day!”

Come, labour on!

Claim the high calling angels cannot share,—

To young and old the gospel gladness bear;

Redeem the time, its hours too swiftly fly,

The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on!

The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is, "Come!"

Come, labour on!

The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away.
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbered not.

Come, labour on!

Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

Come, labour on!

No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,—
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labour on!
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessed are those who to the end endure ;—
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with thee!





REST.

“We which have believed do enter into rest.”—HEB. iv. 3.

REST, weary soul!

The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made;
Strive not thyself to do what Christ has done,
Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine own.
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distress,
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary heart!

From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All shall be blessedness and light at last;
Cast off the cares that have so long oppress,—
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary head!

Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb,
Light from above has broken through its gloom.
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where he shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, spirit free!

In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more;
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,—
Rest, sweetly rest!





THE DESIRED HAVEN.*

“ Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word.”—LUKE ii. 29.

“ **L**ORD, the waves are breaking o’er me and
around ;
Oft of coming tempests I hear the moan-
ing sound ;

Here there is no safety, rocks on either hand,—
'Tis a foreign roadstead, a strange and hostile land ;
Wherefore should I linger ? others gone before
Long since safe are landed on a calm and friendly
shore :

Now the sailing orders in mercy, Lord, bestow,—
Loose the cable, let me go !

* These verses were first printed, by a mistake, among some translations from the German.

Lord, the night is closing round my feeble bark ;
How shall I encounter its watches long and dark ?
Sorely worn and shattered by many a billow past,
Can I stand another rude and stormy blast ?
Ah ! the promised haven I never may attain,
Sinking and forgotten amid the lonely main ;
Enemies around me, gloomy depths below,—
Loose the cable, let me go !

Lord, I would be near thee, with thee where thou art ;
Thine own word hath said it, 'tis 'better to depart.'
There to serve thee better, there to love thee more,
With thy ransomed people to worship and adore.
Ever to thy presence thou dost call thine own ;
Why am I remaining, helpless and alone ?
Oh, to see thy glory, thy wondrous love to know !—
Loose the cable, let me go !

Lord, the lights are gleaming from the distant shore,
Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar.
Long beloved voices calling me I hear,—
Oh, how sweet *their* summons falls upon my ear !

Here are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and cold ;
There is fond affection, fondly proved of old !
Let me haste to join them ; may it not be so?—
Loose the cable, let me go !”

Hark, the solemn answer!—hark, the promise sure !
“Blessed are the servants who to the end endure !
Yet a little longer hope and tarry on,
Yet a little longer, weak and weary one !
More to perfect patience, to grow in faith and love ;
More my strength and wisdom and faithfulness to
prove ;
Then the sailing orders the Captain *shall* bestow,—
Loose the cable, let thee go !”





THE CALL OBEYED.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—MATT. xi. 28.



SAVIOUR, I come for rest!
To thy call of love replying,
On thy word of grace relying,
All weary and opprest;
My sin, and grief, and care,
Now to thy feet I bring, to leave them there.

I wandered long and far,
In the groves of Folly playing,
On the wastes of Error straying,
No guard or guiding star;
Blindly I wandered on,
Seeking around for rest, and finding none.

All became cold and drear,—
The wayside blossoms faded,
Dark clouds the sunshine shaded,
No sound of hope or cheer;
Darkness on all the past,
And a dark gulf before, which must be reached at last.

But then thy voice I heard;—
O how free the invitation!
O how glorious the salvation
Revealed in every word!
I heard, as captives hear
The trumpet tones which tell of a deliverer near.

I heard, and I obey.
Thy precious blood has bought me,
Thy wondrous love has sought me,
And brought me here to-day,—
Here, to thy mercy's throne,
Pleading thy power to save, thy merits to atone.

My Saviour, thou wilt hear!
Simply thy love believing,
Freely thy grace receiving,
Why should I doubt or fear?
Unchanged thy words remain,
That not one sinful soul should seek thy grace in vain.

Whom can I seek but thee?
Thou hast borne the load so weary,
Thou hast trod the path so dreary,
To set the captives free.
No further would I roam,
But close to thee abide, through all my journey home.

Home, with thyself at last!
In the clear light of heaven
To see all sin forgiven,
All grief and danger past,
For ever safe and blest!—
Lord, I believe, I love, I enter into rest!





"SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

"In the night his song shall be with me."—Ps. xlii. 8.

IS it night with thee, my brother?
Is there darkness on thy soul?
Over the hopes and joys of earth
Do the clouds of sorrow roll?
Is thy spirit faint within thee,
Watching for morning light?
Come, then, let us sing together,
A song of faith, in the night.

Let us cheer the hours of darkness
With a tale of sunshine past,
Or thoughts of a glory yet to shine
When the morning breaks at last;

Through our present toil and sorrow
Let us look for joys to come,
And sing in the exile stranger land
Of the love and rest at home.

In weariness, pain, and weakness,
Have thy long years passed away?
Is thy free born spirit imprisoned now
In its shattered house of clay?
Come, sing of the joyful moment
That will set the captive free;
Of the new, and strong, and deathless frame
Which at length thine own shall be.

Has many a hope deceived thee?
Has many a promise failed?
Has the Enemy, with his fiery darts,
Oft thy sinking soul assailed?
Think of the mighty Victor
Who has braved for thee his power,—
We may sing of the conquest Christ hath won,
In our weakest and darkest hour.

To the cold, dark place of silence,
Are thy best beloved ones gone?
In the ways so often together trod
Must thou sadly walk alone?
Listen, and catch some echoes,
Some notes of a heavenly strain;
We shall sing it soon in our Father's house,
When the lost are found again.

Or is a yet deeper anguish
Oppressing thy lonely heart?
Is it sadder far from *living* love
Than from buried love to part?
Turn from earth's failing friendships
To the sinner's changeless Friend,
And sing of Him, who has loved us long,
Who will love us "to the end."

Yes, sing in the night, my brother,
A soft and a soothing song
Of Him, whose faithfulness and love
Will give to thee light ere long.

Sing on, though but low and broken
As yet may the accents rise,—
At length they shall mingle, full and clear,
In the anthem of the skies!





WELLS OF MARAH.

“And they went three days in the wilderness, and found no water. And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter.”—
EXOD. xv. 22, 23.



Y Marah's bitter fountains the hosts of Israel
stand,
As evening closes round them, a sad and
weary band.

While sounds of lamentation rise in the summer air,
The wail of woman's anguish, the groan of man's
despair.

Three days of desert journey their pilgrim feet have
trod,
Since through the parted billows they took their mid-
night road;

And since on those returning waves the morning sun-
beams shone,
No other waters have they found, in all their journey-
ing on.

One hope alone sustained them, and hushed the
thought of fear,—

“The wells of Marah are at hand, each hour we come
more near:”

And now they gain the fountain side, they stand upon
the brink,

They see the limpid water rise, they taste—and dare
not drink!

O bitter disappointment! O hope deferred, deceived!
Where is the guide they trusted, where the promise
they believed?

We blame the weakness of their faith, but sorely it
was tried;

And even Moses' heart might sink, till to the Lord
he cried.

Ah! still the wells of Marah lie beside *our* pilgrim
way,
And Israel's old sorrow may be still our own to-day ;
When some loved object long desired, and long pur-
sued, we gain,
And find too late the glory fled, the hope and promise
vain.

Well then for those, in such an hour, who know what
Moses knew,
And turn to Him who changeth not, the faithful One
and true ;
And from his loving heart receive, and from his
gracious hand,
The cure for every ill they meet through all the
desert land.

For in the wilderness of earth still grows the healing
tree,
Unchanged in all its wondrous power to soothe and
remedy ;

Still, answering the cry of faith, will God the gift
bestow,
To pour a sweetness in each cup of bitter human
woe.

And of that mighty secret when our spirits are
possest,
We bless the storm that drove us to the haven of our
rest;
We bless the disappointments that have darkened
earthly skies,
And taught our hearts to nobler joys above the clouds
to rise.

And now we do not ask to pass the bitter fountains by,
But that our God may meet us there, to bless and
sanctify;
And so to lead us onward, till the wilderness be
passed,
And safely to the land of rest we enter in at last.





MEMORIES.



HEN fall the evening shadows, long and deep, across the hill,

When all the air is fragrance, and all the breezes still;

When the summer sun seems pausing above the mountain's brow,

As if he left reluctantly a scene so lovely now;—

Then I linger on the pathway, and I fondly gaze, and long,

As if reading some old story those deep purple clouds among.

Then Memory approaches, holding up her magic
glass,
Pointing to familiar figures, which across the surface
pass.

And often do I question, as I view that phantom
train,
Whether most with joy or sadness I behold them
thus again.

They are there, those scenes of beauty, where life's
brightest hours have fled,
And I haste, with dear companions, the old paths
again to tread;

But suddenly dissolving, all the loveliness is flown,—
I find a thorny wilderness, where I must walk alone.

Thou art there, so loved and honoured, as in each
former hour,
When we read thine eye's deep meaning, when we
heard thy words of power;

When our souls, as willing captives, have sought to
follow thine,
Tracing the eternal footsteps of Might and Love
Divine.

But o'er that cherished image falls a veil of clouds
and gloom,
And beside a bier I tremble, or I weep above a tomb.

And ever will the question come, O Memory! again,
Whether in thy magic mirror there is most of bliss or
pain?

Would I not wish the brightness were for ever hid
from view,
If but those hours of darkness could be all for-
gotten too?

Then weary and desponding, my spirit seeks to rise
Away from earthly conflicts, from mortal smiles or
sighs.

I do not think the blessed ones with Jesus have
forgot

The changing joys and sorrows which have marked
their earthly lot;

But now, on Memory's record their eyes can calmly
dwell;

They can see, what here they trusted, God hath done
all things well.

And vain regrets and longings are as old things
passed away,—

No shadows dim the sunshine of that bright eternal
day!

July 1857.





"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

LET there be light ! oh, speak that word again,
Father of mercies, to this longing heart !
Come to my soul, like sunshine after rain,
Bidding the clouds of grief and fear depart.

On memory's desert places,—on the ways
Where sadly I have walked through sorrow's night,
Now let the star of promise shed its rays,
Now, looking back, O God, let there be light !

Let there be light, where shades the deepest fall
Of long-remembered sins, remorse, despair:
Shine upon Calvary's cross, and show me all
Endured *for me* by the great Sufferer there.

Let there be light upon the lowly tomb,
Where grief too deep for tears has bowed my
head;

Some rays from heaven to dissipate the gloom,
Beneath whose shadow one loved spirit fled.

Give light on those sad hours, whose parting pain
Still thrills with anguish through the years long
past;

Light on the meeting-place, where once again
Love hopes to find her own with thee at last;

Light on the future journey, all unknown,
The chequered path of life which lies before;
Light on its close,—the valley dark and lone,
The Jordan's stormy wave, and distant shore.

Why should I walk in darkness, when thy light,
O Sun of Righteousness, shines here around?
When to the land where there is no more night,
Now, by thy grace, my pilgrim' steps are bound?

Give light, O Lord ! or if it still delay,
If still a shaded pathway mine must be,
Give the calm faith that watches for the day,
And through the darkness trusts and rests on
thee.





AWAKENINGS.

“**F**ROM thy long winter sleep,
Nature, arise!”
Thus speaks the Voice divine
From yonder skies.
Then murmurs soft and low
Answer the call,—
Voices of bird and bee,
And fountain’s fall.
The balmy breezes come,
The gentle rain ;
All over vale and hill
Life wakes again.

“From sin’s long deadly sleep,
Poor soul, arise!”
Thus sounded Mercy’s voice
From yonder skies.

Then Satan's captive woke,
And burst his chain,
The dreams of midnight fled,
All false and vain.
The mighty Friend drew near,
Faithful and true;
Old things had passed away,
All was made new!

"From sorrow's heavy sleep,
Sad heart, arise!"
So spoke the voice of Love
From yonder skies.
Then through fast falling tears
Hope's rainbow stole;
Her soothing song was heard
Within my soul,—
"His promise hath not failed
Through the sad past;
Weeping has long endured,
Joy comes at last!"

“From death’s long winter sleep,
My people, rise!”
Soon shall that summons sound
From yonder skies.
Then from far severed graves,
O’er land and sea,
How gladly shall we haste,
O Lord, to thee !
Soon shall that morning dawn,
This night be gone ;—
Beloved ones ! till then
In hope rest on !





STREAMS BY THE WAY.

“I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen.”—ISA. xliii. 20.



THE channels are on earth, the fountain is above,
Hid in the secret depths of God's unchanging love ;

And, as we onward go,
The healing waters flow,
Refreshing weary souls and fainting hearts below.

Have we not found it thus, thro' all the changing past?
Is not the promise sure, unfailing to the last?

Even in a desert land,
If but our Lord command,
Rivers of hope shall rise, and flow on either hand.

Arise, believing soul ! give praise with cheerful voice,
And in thy Father's gifts with thankful heart rejoice ;—

His earnest, and no more,
Of better things in store,
Ready to fill thy cup, when days on earth are o'er.

Arise, desponding heart ! if here the streams be dry,
Still in the springs above remains a full supply.

No longer sadly mourn
Beside a broken urn,
But to the Source itself for living waters turn.

Forward, in Jesus' name ! our journey is unknown,
But well we know the end, before our Father's throne ;

There, at the fountain side,
For ever to abide,
All labours overpaid, all longings satisfied !





LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

“We would see Jesus.”—JOHN xii. 21.



WE would see Jesus;—all is gloom around us,
Dark shadows falling from the years gone by;
The sins of other days, like phantoms rising,
Lifting their hands for justice to the sky!
Where shall we hide us from these pale accusers?
How shall we answer to the judgment call?
Oh, for one sight of him, our own Redeemer,
Bearing *our* guilt, paying our ransom all!

We would see Jesus;—we are worn and weary
Beneath the heat and burden of the day;
Each with his load of care, or toil, or sorrow,
Ready to faint and falter by the way.

Yet in the very path which we are treading,
On earth, O Lord, we know thyself hast gone ;
Oh, to behold thee there, our Friend, our Brother,
Guiding and guarding, as we journey on!

We would see Jesus;—dearest ties are breaking,
Lovely and loving ones have left our side,—
Is there one bond which death will not dis sever,
One friend from whom the grave will not divide ?
There is! there is! the Lord of life remaineth,
The same to-day as he hath been of yore ;
And faith, the everlasting Friend beholding,
Can part from all beside, and weep no more.

We would see Jesus;—daily come we nearer
To the dark valley and the lonely tomb,—
Who shall uphold us on that unknown journey ?
What star of hope shall light us through the gloom ?
O Christ, forsake us not! thou dost remember
Thy mortal anguish, on thy heavenly throne:
Reveal thyself, when earth is disappearing,—
Come in the hour of need and save thine own!

We would see Jesus;—oh, that blissful vision
Is all we ask, to bid our fears depart!
So shall we hasten on, in shade or sunshine,
With step unwearied, and unshrinking heart.
Abide with us, good Lord! the evening closes;
No longer leave us, till the shadows flee,
Till the bright morning dawn, when thou shalt call us
For ever, where thou art, to dwell with thee.





“GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.”

LUKE ii. 10.



HE asked an Indian brother,* a warrior of old,
How first among his people the Glad Tid-
ings had been told?

How first the Morning Star arose on their long
heathen night,
Till souls who “sat in darkness” were rejoicing in
the light?

And he answered, “Many a summer has come and
gone since then,
Yet well I can remember—I can see it all again.

* John Tschcop, one of the first converts of the Moravian missionaries among the North American Indians.—See CRANTZ’ *History*.

A teacher came among us, from the country of your
birth,
And told us of the living God, who made the heaven
and earth;—
But we asked if he had been a fool, or thought that
we were so;
For who among our sons did *not* the one Great Spirit
know?

So he left us;—and another told us much of sin and
shame,
And how for sinners was prepared a lake of quench-
less flame;—
But we bade him teach these things at home, among
the pale-faced men,
And if *they* learned the lesson right, we too would
listen then.

At last another stranger came, of calm and gentle mien,
And eyes whose light seemed borrowed from yon blue
the clouds between;

Still in my dreams I hear his voice, his smile I still
can see,
Though many a summer he has slept beneath the
cedar tree!

He told us of a Mighty One, the Lord of earth and
sky,
Who left his glory in the heavens for men to bleed
and die;
Who loved poor Indian sinners still, and longed to
gain their love,
And be their Saviour here, and in his Father's house
above.

And when his tale was ended—'My friends,' he
gently said,
'I am weary with my journey, and would fain lay
down my head;'—
So beside our spears and arrows he laid him down to
rest,
And slept as sweetly as the babe upon its mother's
breast.

Then we looked upon each other, and I whispered,
 ‘ This is new,—

Yes, we have heard glad tidings, and that sleeper
 knows them true!

He knows he has a Friend above, or would he slumber
 here,

With men of war around him, and the war whoop in
 his ear?’

So we told him on the morrow, that he need not
 journey on,

But stay and tell us further of that loving, dying One.
And thus we heard of Jesus first, and felt the won-
 drous power

Which makes his people willing in his own accepted
 hour.”

Thus spoke our Indian brother; and deeply, while
 we heard,

One cheering lesson seemed impressed, and taught by
 every word—

How hearts, whose echoes, silent long, no words of
terror move,
May answer from their inmost depths to the soft call
of *love*.

O mighty love of Jesus! what wonders thou hast
wrought!
What victories thou yet shalt gain, surpassing human
thought!
Let Faith and Hope speed forward unto earth's
remotest bound,
Till every tribe and nation shall have heard the joyful
sound!





"THERE IS REST AT HOME."*

REST at home! the words were spoken on a
journey long and drear,
By a faithful, loving comrade, with a smile
of hope and cheer,

When with weariness and weakness I was sinking,
overcome,—

"Courage, brother! let us onward, there is rest for us
at home!"

Rest at home! a deeper meaning even then my spirit
knew,

While a sweeter home than earth could give seemed
brought before my view;

* Suggested by an article in *The Family Paper*, March 1861.

And dearer, brighter hopes than he was seeking to
impart,
Gave new vigour to my sinking frame, new courage to
my heart.

And though that toilsome journey is a trial long
gone by,
Still its memory I cherish, and I would not let it die;
For in many a day of darkness, of perplexity, of
pain,
It has nerved me for the conflict, or the pilgrimage
again.

In hours of midnight solitude, when soothing sleep
has fled,
And records of the varied past with sad heart I have
read,—
When the burdens of the present hour, its duties and
its care,
Have seemed beyond what failing strength or feeble
faith could bear,—

Or when looking to the future, with a deep foreboding
sigh,

I have watched the dark'ning shadows of new troubles
drawing nigh;—

Then, like a message from above, again the words
have come,

"Courage, brother! hasten forward, there is rest for
us at home!"

There, among the many mansions, by Himself pre-
pared and blest,

Who called on earth the sinful and the weary to
His rest;

Where error, and temptations, and afflictions all
are o'er,

And the dread of coming partings shall oppress the
heart no more,—

Oh! with this hope before us set, this prospect drawing
near,

With every changing season, with each brief revolving
year,

How gladly may we labour on, how earnestly
obey,
How lightly think of trials or of dangers by the
way!





THE HILL DIFFICULTY.

“ I beheld then, that they all went on till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty ; at the bottom of which was a spring.....Christian now went to the spring, and drank thereof to refresh himself.” (Isa. xli. 17, 18.)—BUNYAN.



THOU must go forward, pilgrim !

Right up the hill ;

The path is straight before thee,

Right onward still.

By that ascent, so rugged,

Thy Lord has gone ;

His people all must follow,—

Press boldly on !

Thou must go forward, pilgrim !

Turn not aside,

Try not the tempting byways

Others have tried.

They have but strayed, and fallen
To rise no more ;
True danger lies behind thee,
Safety before !

Thou must go forward, pilgrim !
Yet linger,—stay
One moment, at the fountain
Here by the way.
The Master, on his journey,
Opened that spring,
Refreshment to the weary,
And strength to bring.

Hid in its depths of crystal
A mirror lies,
Where scenes of coming glory
May meet thine eyes.
Softly its murmuring waters
Repeat a tale,
Of mercy ever flowing,
Never to fail.

Kneel by the brink, so verdant,—
Bathe thy hot brow,—
Drink of the waters deeply,—
Press forward now!
Dread not the midnight darkness,
The lion's roar,—
Destruction lies behind thee,
Heaven is before!

Thou must go forward, Christian,
O'er many a hill;
Yet shrink not from the prospect,—
Press onward still!
Beside each mount of trial,
Each toil or pain,
The fountain of refreshment
Shall flow again.

May 1861.





THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

“And then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, shew you the Delectable Mountains. . . . So he looked, and, behold, at a great distance he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, . . . very delectable to behold, . . . and it is as common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence thou mayest see to the gate of the Celestial City.”—BUNYAN.



SEE them far away,—

In their calm beauty, on the evening
skies,

Across the golden west their summits rise,

Bright with the radiance of departing day.

And often, ere the sunset light was gone,

Gazing and longing, I have hastened on,

As with new strength, all weariness and pain

Forgotten in the hope those blissful heights to gain.

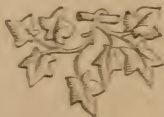
Heaven lies not far beyond,—
But these are hills of earth,—our changeful air
Circles around them, and the dwellers there
Still own mortality's mysterious bond.
The ceaseless contact, the continued strife
Of sin and grace, which can but close with life,
Is not yet ended, and the Jordan's roar
Still sounds between their path and the celestial shore.

But there, the pilgrims say,
On these calm heights, the tumult and the noise
Of all our busy cares and restless joys
Has almost in the distance died away;—
All the past journey "a right way" appears;
Thoughts of the future wake no faithless fears;
And through the clouds, to their rejoicing eyes,
The City's golden streets and pearly gates arise.

Look up, poor fainting heart!
These happy ones, in the far distance seen,
Were sinful wanderers once, as thou hast been;
Weary and sorrowful, as now thou art.

Linger no longer on the lonely plain,
Press boldly onward, and thou too shalt gain
Their vantage-ground, and then with vigour new
All thy remaining race and pilgrimage pursue.

Ah! far too faint, too poor
Are all our views and aims,—we only stand
Within the borders of the promised land,
Its precious things we seek not to secure;
And thus our hands hang down, and oft unstrung
Our harps are left the willow trees among;—
Lord, lead us forward, upward, till we know
How much of heavenly bliss may be enjoyed below!





LIVING WATERS.

IN some wild legend of the East the story has
been told,
Of a fair and wondrous fountain, flowing in
the times of old;

Cold and crystalline its waters, bright glancing in
the ray
Of the summer moon at midnight, or sun at height
of day.

And a good angel, resting there, once in a favoured
hour

Infused into the limpid depths a strange, mysterious
power;

A hidden principle of life, to rise and gush again
Where but some drops were scattered on the dry and
barren plain.

So the traveller might journey, not now in fear and
haste,

Far through the mountain-wilderness, far o'er the
sandy waste,

If but he sought this fountain first, and from its
wondrous store

The secret of unfailing springs along with him he
bore.

Wild and fanciful the legend seems—yet may not
meanings high,

Visions of better things to come, within its shadow
lie?

Type of a fountain better far, to mortals now un-
sealed,—

The great salvation, full and free, in Christ our Lord
revealed?

Beneath the Cross those waters rise; and he who finds
them there

All through the wilderness of life the living stream
may bear;

And blessings follow in his steps, until where'er he
goes,
The moral wastes begin to bud and blossom as the
rose.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, hasten to this fountain
side !

Drink freely of its waters pure,—drink, and be satis-
fied.

Yet linger not, but onward speed, and bear to all
around

Glad tidings of the love, and peace, and mercy thou
hast found.

To Afric's pathless deserts, or to Greenland's frozen
shore,—

Where din of multitudes may sound, or savage
monsters roar,—

Wherever man may wander with his heritage of woe,
To tell of brighter things above, go, brothers,
gladly go !

Then, as of old in vision seen before the prophet's
eyes,
Broader and deeper, on its course, the stream of life
shall rise ;
And everywhere, as on it flows, shall carry light and
love,
Peace and goodwill to man on earth, glory to God
above!





OUR WIDOWED QUEEN.

IF we have loved her, in the days of gladness,
When all earth's choicest treasures were
her own,

What do our hearts feel now, as we behold her
In desolation and in tears, alone?

If we have honoured her, in days of glory
And blessings rarely on a throne enjoyed,
What is our reverence for the pious mourner,—
The stricken one, “cast down, but not destroyed?”

If we have prayed for her, in days of brightness,
Asking Heaven's richest gifts to crown her head,
What is the fervour now of each petition
For the sad widow weeping o'er her dead?

Let our tears answer, ever freshly flowing
With each remembrance of that darkened home ;
Let our prayers answer, night and morn ascending,
From household altars, or cathedral dome.

She seemed so far removed, above, beyond us,
In the full noonday blaze of pomp and power ;—
Now she is all our own,—a woman weeping,
As *we* have wept, in sorrow's darkest hour!

A nation's sympathy, a nation's prayers,—
Oh, Lady, these are high and holy things!
And the wild storm of woe, such fountains waking,
Not grief alone, but blessing with it brings!

January 1862.





ON LEAVING OUR OLD CHURCH.

To the Rev. T—— M——.



WE met once more, to-day,
In our old house of prayer,
With thoughts you could not know,
Feelings you scarce could share;
For busy Memory came
And tarried with us there.

Bright pictures of the past,
Records of years gone by,
The magic mirror showed
To many a tearful eye;—
Scenes we can ne'er forget,
Feelings that will not die.

A strangely varied train
Of hopes, and joys, and woes;—
Cares, from which weary hearts
Here sought and found repose,—
Sorrows, which He alone
Whose mercy soothed them, knows,—

Moments of rapture high,—
Calm hours of blissful rest,
When every sin was known
Forgiven, as confest,
And the glad spirit felt
Of all in Christ possest.

The pulpit words of power
Scarce reached our hearts to-day;—
An aged form seemed there,
Bright in life's sunset ray,
Whose voice of love *you* heard
But as he passed away !

Forms you have never seen,—
Voices you could not hear,—
Honoured and loved on earth,
And not in heaven less dear,—
All were restored to-day,
All seemed to re-appear!

Now, with a joyful heart,
To a new, noble fane,
You lead the way—and we
Would not behind remain;
Yet pardon, if we cast
One backward glance again.

No! we go forward now,
With heart and spirit free,
And the old word of cheer
We trust fulfilled to see,—
“As I with Moses was
So will I be with thee.”



"I AM THINE, SAVE ME."

"Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."—ISA. xliii. 1.



HEAR my soul's earnest plea,—
Save, Lord, save even me,
For I am thine.

This heart, once far astray,
Now long has owned thy sway,
Thy rights divine.

In yon lone, silent spot,
Where I thy presence sought,
Thy voice I heard;
Obedient to thy call,
To thee surrendered all,—
Thou knowest, Lord!

Within yon house of prayer,
One an id hundreds there;
 My vows I paid;
From other bonds set free,
Body and soul to thee
 An offering made.

Bear witness to it now,
Angels, who heard the vow,
 Unseen, yet near!
And spirits of the blest,
Now in the heavenly rest,
 Then with me here!

Yet these I need not call ;—
My God and Saviour, all
 Was known to thee ;
Where hundreds praying stood,
Or in deep solitude,
 All thou couldst see.

And thus, I dare to feel,
I need not make appeal
 To grace alone;
The honour of thy name
Is bound to grant my claim,
 To save thine own.

Shall the dark Tempter boast
That aught of thine is lost?
 Shall it be told
That *one* became his prey,
Drawn by his might away
 From out the fold?

Never! my soul, secure,
Rests in the promise sure
 Never to fail,—
Though earth and hell combine,
Against not one of thine
 Shall they prevail.

Yet let me hear thy voice
Again bid me rejoice
That I am thine.—
"Poor soul, so dearly bought,
So freely loved,—fear not,
For thou art Mine!"





LULLABY.



LEEP, baby, sleep!

Fond eyes are watching round thy cradle bed,
Fond prayers ascend for blessings on thy head;
Fountains of love and hope, unknown before,
Waked by that tiny hand, are flowing o'er;
Joys long obscured by clouds of grief and pain,
At the same gentle touch appear again;
Sad, drooping hearts, have felt thy cheering power,
Angel of comfort, from thine earliest hour!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Haste not to open those sweet violet eyes
On all the wonders of our clouded skies,—

'The weariness of eve, the toil of noon,
Knowledge of good and ill, must come too soon.
All mortal joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Wait 'midst the shadows of the future years ;
But now enjoy thy portion calm and blest,—
Love deep and tender—soft and dreamless rest!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
We will not look before ;—we know that He,
Our risen Lord, was once a child like thee,
And now in heaven, as while he sojourned here,
Still to his heart the “little ones” are dear.
Oh, God of love and pity, hear our prayer,—
Take our frail treasure to thy tender care!
We trust her in the shadow of thy wings,
The last and fairest of our precious things!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

August 1862.





AUTUMN VOICES.



VOICES of autumn, I hear you again,
Thro' the dark forest, across the wide plain,
Deep in the valley, and high on the hill,
In the old places all murmuring still.

Leaves slowly falling, and streams rushing fast,
Evening breeze moaning, or night's fitful blast;—
All the old voices again I can hear;
Summer has passed away, winter is near.

Once, oh! how mournfully sounded each tone,
Telling of happiness ended and flown;
Youth and hope vanishing, joys passing by,
Age stealing onward, or death drawing nigh!

Now it is over, that sadness and pain,
With the old voices it comes not again,
He who is gladdened by morning's bright ray,
Thinks not of starlight then fading away.

Since the "glad tidings" spoke peace to this heart,
Life's darkest shadows have seemed to depart;
All nature's voices one story have told,—
Goodness unchanging, to-day as of old.

Autumn winds sweeping o'er fields brown and bare,
Echo the reapers' song lingering there ;
Autumn floods rushing by garner and store,
Tell me of treasures in danger no more ;

Flowers in their fading, and leaves as they fall,
Long days of brightness and beauty recall;—
Why should I sorrow that these are now past?
Heaven's cloudless summer for ever shall last.

Oh that life's autumn, like nature's, may bring
Some precious harvest from summer and spring !
Fruits which the Master may deign to approve,
Laid on his altar, in meekness and love!





"THY WILL BE DONE."

HOUR little words,—no more,—
Easy to say;
But thoughts that went before,
Can words convey?

The struggle, only known
To one proud soul,
And Him, whose eye alone
Has marked the whole,—

Before that stubborn will
At last was broke,
And a low "Peace, be still!"
One soft Voice spoke.

The pang, when that sad heart
Its dreams resigned,
And strength was found to part
Those bonds long twined,—

To yield that treasure up,
So fondly clasped,—
To drain that bitter cup,
So sadly grasped!—

But all is calm at last,—
"Thy will be done!"
Enough,—the storm is past,
The field is won.

Now for the peaceful breast,
The quiet sleep,—
For soul and spirit rest,
Tranquil and deep;

Rest, whose full bliss and power
They only know,
Who knew the bitter hour
Of restless woe.

The rebel will subdued,
The fond heart free;
"Thy will be done,"—all good
That comes from Thee.

All weary thought and care,
Lord, we resign;
Ours is to do—to bear,—
To choose is thine.

Four little words,—no more,—
Easy to say;
But what was felt before,
Can words convey?





PASSING AWAY.

PASSING away! how sad the thought!
From all of bright and fair below,—
From songs of spring, and summer flowers,
And autumn sunset's radiant glow.
Never to gaze and muse again
On the blue ocean's sounding shore,—
To wander through the smiling vale,
To climb the mountain heights no more!

Hush that deep sigh, O faithless heart!
All that was lovely here, and bright,
Has shone with but a borrowed ray,
Reflected from celestial light.
If under sin and sorrow's shade
Such beauty has adorned thy way,
What must remain to be revealed,
In the good land of perfect day?

Passing away! how sad the thought!
· From all that makes this heart rejoice;—
The fellowship of kindred souls,
The music of affection's voice,
The look, the smile, the words of love,
All the dear ties around me twined,
All the sweet counsel fondly shared,
All these to lose—to leave behind!

Hush that deep sigh, O faithless heart!
Who thinks or says that Love can die?
An exile here, and “stranger guest,”
Her native home is in the sky.
If pilgrims through the stranger land
Can find communion here so sweet,
What shall the joy, the rapture be,
When in their Father's house they meet?

Passing away!—untrodden path,—
Mysterious journey, dark, unknown,—
The mortal shelter cast aside,
The spirit going forth, alone!

From the strange prospect shrinking back,
I look, and long for some kind hand,
Some friendly voice, to cheer, to guide
Through the deep water floods to land!

Where is thy faith, O doubting heart?
Hath not thy Saviour gone before?
Down the dark valley, through the flood,
The burden of our guilt he bore.
'Tis He who calls thee; fear not now,
Follow his guiding hand of love;
Praise him for mercies here below,
Trust him for better things above!





SLEEP.

"Oh, lightly, lightly tread,
A holy thing is sleep!"

MRS. HEMANS.



HE father sleeps,—hush, children! wake
him not!

That slumber deep is well and dearly
bought.—

Now the long day of heat and toil is past,
The welcome shades of evening fall at last,
Rest, weary one! enjoy that calm repose
Which rarely on his couch a monarch knows;
Sleep, undisturbed by dreams of guilt or fear,
With all thy loving and beloved ones near,
Sleep, and awake revived, refreshed, anew
The path of loving labour to pursue;

Thus days and years of honoured life to spend,
Till the last summons meet thee at the end,
Calling to better worlds thy soul away
Softly as slumber falls at close of day !

The exile sleeps,—hush, stranger ! wake him not !
Let home and friends be for a time forgot.
Ah, not forgotten ! all so long in vain
Desired, remembered, is his own again !
Yon dark banana grove he sees no more,
He hears not now yon wild hyæna's roar,
Through the long vista of departed years,
For other sights he sees, and sounds he hears :
A blue lake trembles in the evening gleam,
Down a deep glen rushes a mountain stream,—
Half hid among the birches near the hill,
On his fair home the sunset lingers still,
And where those sands the wave and shore divide,
A gentle maiden wanders by his side.
Gaze on, fond dreamer ! all must vanish soon,
Beneath the blaze of India's sultry noon—

All, save sad memories, must ere then be gone ;
Enjoy the present bliss—dream on, dream on !

The sufferer sleeps,—breathe softly, wake him not !
The rest has come, so long and vainly sought.
The hours of fevered restlessness are past,
The weary eyelids gently close at last,
Gone is the look of agony and care,
Almost a smile those faded features wear ;
Oh, surely God is good, and sleep's soft dew
May the worn frame and wasted strength renew !
Sleep, dearest, sleep ! while Love long known and
tried
Watches with sleepless patience at thy side ;
Watches, to hail the first glad look or word,
Which tells that hope has dawned, that prayer is
heard,
That all those troubled days of pain and fear
Shall soon but as a midnight dream appear,
And joy, like morning sunbeams, yet shall come,
And all be bright in thy now darkened home !

The mourner sleeps,—tread lightly, wake him
not !

Let sorrow's pang be for a time forgot.
In the bright spirit-land he wanders now,
With heart unburdened, and unclouded brow.
The dear departed he beholds once more,
Loving and lovely as in days of yore ;
Voices long silent all his pulses thrill,
Eyes of deep love meet his like sunshine still ;
From those fair forms all trace of slow decay,
The shadow of the grave, has passed away,—
Again united in communion sweet,
Spirit with spirit, heart with heart, they meet.
Oh, blissful vision ! must he wake again,
To find it all illusion, false and vain ?
Dream on, sad heart ! but not of meetings here—
Earth's passing joys, which smile and disappear—
Dream of the brighter home, the better land,
Where soon our weary feet in peace shall stand ;
Where the Forerunner is before us gone,
And all his own shall follow ;—*thus* dream on !

The Christian sleeps—in Jesus—blessed thought !
Hush, mourners ! though ye could, awake him not !
Would ye recall him from the home of bliss,
The “better country”—to a land like this ?
To weep as we are weeping—all our pain,
Temptations, conflicts, to endure again ?
No, brother ; slumber now and take thy rest,
In the low sleeping-place which Christ has blessed,
Till the great Easter morning light the skies,
And all his people like Himself shall rise,
Bright in his radiance, with his beauty fair,
Ever his glory and his bliss to share.
Oh, precious hope ! already from afar,
Through sorrow’s night we see the Morning Star ;
And, guided by its beams, we calmly lay
Our sleeping ones to rest, to wait “that day !”





MOUNTAINS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF META HÄÜSSER.

(Free Translation.)

“**T**HE everlasting hills !” how calm they rise,
Bold witnesses to an Almighty hand !
We gaze with longing heart and eager
eyes,
And feel as if short pathway might suffice
From those pure regions to the heavenly land.

At early dawn, when the first rays of light
Play like a rose-wreath on the peaks of snow,
And late, when half the valley seems in night,
Yet still around each pale majestic height
The sun’s last smile has left a crimson glow,—

Then the heart longs, it calls for wings to fly,—
Above all lower scenes of earth to soar,
Where yonder golden clouds arrested lie,
Where granite cliffs and glaciers gleam on high,
As with reflected light from heaven's own door.

Whence this strange spell, by thoughtful souls confest,
Ever in presence of the mountains found?
'Tis the deep voice within our human breast
Which bids us seek a refuge and a rest,
Above, beyond what meets us here around.

Ever to men of God the hills were dear,
Since on the sides of Ararat the dove
Plucked the wet olive-pledge of hope and cheer,—
Or Israel stood entranced in silent fear,
While God on Sinai thundered from above.

* * * *

And once on Tabor was a vision given,
Sublime as that which Israel feared to view;

When the transfigured Lord of earth and heaven,
Mortality's dim curtain lifted, riven,
Revealed his glory to his chosen few.

On mountain-heights of Galilee He prayed
While others slept, and all beneath was still ;
From Olivet's recess of awful shade
Thrice was that agonized petition made—
“Oh that this cup might pass, if such thy will !”

* * * *


And on Mount Zion, in the better land,
Past every danger of the pilgrim way,
At our Redeemer's feet we hope to stand,
And learn the meanings of his guiding hand
Through all the changes of our earthly day.

Then hail, calm sentinels of heaven, again !
Repeat your message, as in ages past !
Tell us that pilgrims shall not toil in vain,
That Zion's mount we surely shall attain,
Where all home longings find a home at last !



THE FLIGHT HOMEWARD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LEONHARD MEISSER.

“HAT can they be meaning, mother?
Will our swallows go away?
See how swiftly they are flying,
Do they then not wish to stay?

“Here—where their own homes were chosen,
Every nest built close and warm,
All their young ones fed and cherished,
Safely sheltered free from harm,

“When so long and bright a summer
They have spent in songs and joy—
Will they really leave us, mother?
Can you tell the reason why?”

“ Ah, it must be good, my children,
God has kindly taught them so,
From our winter cold and tempests
To a brighter land to go.

“ Good for these, our pretty swallows,—
Good for us, to learn aright
All the lessons God would teach us
From their strange and wondrous flight.

“ As you watch them disappearing
On their bright mysterious way,
Think then of a longer journey
We must take, some future day.

“ Autumn last, how Emma left us,
Would not stay for all our love !
She, our summer bird, was flying
To the better home above !”



"REPOS AILLEURS."

"Repos ailleurs." The motto adopted and acted upon throughout life by the Dutch patriot, Sainte Aldegonde. See *Motley's History of the Netherlands*.



OBLE resolve of a right noble spirit !

The echo reaches us, so calm and clear ;
'Tis the same portion we too would inherit—

Rest—but not here.

Rest—with all visions of the future blended
Comes that bright hope, so soothing and so dear ;
All the long journey past, the conflict ended,
Rest—but not here !

Not here !—while war's alarm is ever sounding,
While half the promised land is unpossessed,

On the red battle-plain, with foes surrounding,
Who dares to rest?

Not here!--when autumn's sun is brightly shining,
Yet storm-clouds gather in the darkening west,
On the ripe corn-fields, till that sun's declining,
Who thinks of rest?

We ask it not--on thine own strength relying,
Gladly, O Father, shall thy work be done;
Too swift the busy hours of light are flying,
The night draws on!

Not here, but yonder--where in peace for ever
The faithful servants with their Lord are blest;
Where friends depart, and foes shall enter never,
There we shall rest.

Yes; and that prospect now the heart sustaineth,
Lightly each burden and each toil to bear;
For us the promise holds, the rest "remaineth"
Not here--but there!



ON A DARK WINTER DAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF META HÄÜSSER.



S fair Nature dying?
This funereal pall,
Must it hang for ever
Darkly over all?

Stormy clouds are hiding
All the morning light;
Has the sun forgotten
How to conquer night?

Must the frozen streamlet
Silent still remain?
Shall the summer blossoms
Never smile again?

Hush, desponding spirit,
Hush the dark surmise ;
Light shall spring from darkness,
Life from death shall rise.

Still the sun is shining
Bright behind the cloud,
Only thy dim vision
Cannot pierce its shroud.

Nature, bound and buried
Under winter's reign,
Soon shall burst her fetters,
Start to life again.

Silent streams, awaking
From their icy sleep,
Through the vale shall murmur,
Down the mountain leap.

Thousand buds already,
Far beneath the snow,

Dream of spring's soft breezes,
Dream of summer's glow.

“ Learn, sad heart, our lesson,”
Now they seem to say,
“ Dream of spring and sunshine
Through *thy* wintry day.”

Yes, amid thy darkness,
Through the gloom and fear,
Love Divine is watching,
Christ Himself is near.

Since in dying anguish
Once *He* bowed his head,
Then arose as Victor
From amidst the dead—

Now his tempted people
Need despond no more ;
All our foes He conquered,
All our sins He bore.

Love and Power unfailing,
Life from death shall bring,
From the grave's dark winter
Everlasting spring !

January 1865.





RACHEL'S WELL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.

ON Haran's flowery pastures long purple
 shadows fell,
As Jacob, sad and weary, sat by the way-
 side well.

All joys of home and kindred now far behind him
 lay,
Esau's curse and Isaac's blessing had sped him on
 his way.

Fond memories recalling, and scenes of other days,
Across the land of exile he cast a pensive gaze;
Then asked the dark-eyed shepherds, "Friends, who
 is master here?
Know ye the son of Nahor? is Laban's dwelling near?"

Now came the lovely Rachel, as summer morning
fair,

In graceful beauty ruling amid her fleecy care.

Her flocks the stranger watered, then with soft emotion
cried,—

“ In God’s name I salute thee, fairest sister, dearest
bride !”

And her eyes, like stars of evening, beamed on him
radiance mild,—

All exile sorrows vanished in the home where Rachel
smiled ;

Swift as bright days of summer flew years of service
past,

While dearer grew the blessing that should crown his
toil at last.

Through all the vault of heaven, one sun is giving
light ;

Through every clime and country, one stream is
flowing bright ;—

The band of Christian brotherhood in every land is
found,

Love casts a golden circle the whole of earth around.

Go, pilgrim, on thy journey, with angels at thy side,
Thy God will keep his promise to guard thee and to
guide.

Trust to the gracious leadings of his Almighty hand,
And thou shalt come in safety home to thy fatherland.

By Jordan's peaceful waters shall rise thy joyful song,
No more a lonely stranger, but loving bands among;
With humble heart his faithfulness, his goodness to
record,—

“I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies,
Lord!”





A PILGRIM SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GARVE'S "SONGS OF THE BRETHREN."

ORD and Master! Thou whose reign of
loveShall endure when earth and heavens
remove!

Thou, in nature and in name
Now and evermore the same,
Glory be to Thee, below, above!

Peace and blessing follow day by day
Where thou leadest in the heavenward way;
And thy people, calmly blest,
Safely toil, or sweetly rest,
Happy subjects of thy gentle sway.

When they journey o'er the desert plain,
Strength and guidance they from Thee obtain ;
 And if sudden storms arise—
 Tempests darken earth and skies—
Thou commandest,—all is calm again.

Thou commandest,—from the flinty stone
Gushing waters thy dominion own ;
 From the opening clouds of heaven
 Bread is to thy people given ;—
Still Jehovah by His deeds is known !

Satan's legions must thy power allow ;
Death and Hades both are vanquished now ;
 Fear and sorrow's mournful cry
 Change to halleluiahs high ;—
Blessed they, who to thy sceptre bow !

Lord, receive us, claim us as thine own !
We will follow, only lead Thou on.

Lead us in the path we love,
To the better land above,
Where the conflicts end, the crowns are won.

From temptations guard or set us free,
Whether bright or dark their form may be ;
Let our love unchanging glow,
And no rest our labours know
Till for ever we may rest with Thee.






AN EVENING TALK.

FROM THE GERMAN OF META HÄUSSER.

(Free Translation.)

“HY so late alone, my child,
Lingering in the garden bower?”
“Mother, all the air is mild,
Calm and sweet the evening hour.

“See, the moon begins to rise,—
One by one the stars appear ;
Are they not like angels’ eyes
Looking down upon us here ?

“Grandpapa, is *he* not there,
With the angels far away ?

Never with his silver hair
Shall again his darling play !

“ As I think of him on high,
Wishes rise, so fond, so vain !
Oh that I had wings to fly,
Grandpapa, to you again !

“ To that holy, happy home,
Where so many dear ones go,
When the Saviour bids them come
Where the living waters flow !

“ I was praying, mother dear,
When you called me, in the bower :
Sometimes heaven seems so near !
'Twas a peaceful, holy hour.

“ ‘ Jesus, blessed Lord ! ’ I prayed,
‘ Keep me from all evil free ;
Through life’s sunshine and death’s shade,
Bring me safely home to Thee ! ’ ”

“ Come to my embrace, my love !
Ever thus believe and pray !
Doubt not you are heard above ;
Christ Himself ‘ Amen ’ will say.

“ He, our blessed Lord in heaven,
Bids us haste to meet Him there ;
Wings to help us He has given,
You have tried them—Love and Prayer.

“ Loving, praying, by His hand
Safely guided, richly blest,
We shall gain the happy land,
Where with Him our dear ones rest !”





WINTER SUNSHINE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LEONHARD MEISSER.

(Free Translation.)

SEE it fast approaching, with all its gloomy
train,

The dreary, stormy winter,—it hastens on
again.

Already I anticipate and shrink before the blast,
And sigh with fond remembrance o'er the balmy
summer past.

How soon the flowers will vanish all, the leaves for-
sake the trees!

Ah, must the chill extend itself to nobler things than
these?

No ! by the grace and help of God, it never need be
told,
That energies designed for heaven have sunk in
winter's cold.

The Christian's Sun declineth not, no winter dims
His rays;—

The Christian's heart may always glow with holy joy
and praise ;

Ever the flowers of love and hope may in that garden
bloom,

In every season, every clime, exhale their sweet per-
fume.

Then come, thou gloomy conqueror ! I will not dread
the hour

When freezing earth and dark'ning skies own thy
mysterious power ;

Come with the snows and tempests, thy followers of
old,—

This heart and its affections shall never feel thy cold !



BEACON LIGHTS.

“So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.”—Ps. cvii. 30.



HEN all was drear and dark,
From moon or stars no ray,
Nobly our little bark
Pursued her stormy way.

Wildly the tempest sighed
Around each straining mast ;
Wildly the waves replied,
In darkness hurrying past.

And yet no sign of fear
Our gray-haired pilot gave ;
With look and words of cheer
He met each crested wave.

He caught one gleam afar,
 Seen through the drifting foam,
He knew that guiding star,
 The beacon light of home !

And to the well-known strand,
 Where that faint radiance shone,
With steadfast heart and hand
 He steered undaunted on ;

And so, when morn arose
 O'er many a wreck-strewn bay,
Our bark, in safe repose,
 Within the haven lay.

Then, of a darker night,
 And a yet wilder main,
We thought,—and the one Light
 Which none shall trust in vain ;

That star of hope and faith,
 Brightest in midnight gloom,

Undimmed by shades of death,
Unquenched within the tomb !

What though like billows, loud
And dark, life's storms combine,
If only through each cloud
That star of hope may shine ?

What though all others fade,
Like flashing meteor's beam,
If still through deepest shade
That beacon light shall gleam ?

O God of light and love !
We sink in life's rough sea !
Show us the star above
Which guides us home to Thee !





"BY THE BROOK CHERITH."

I KINGS xvii. 2-6.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.

(Free Translation.)

BY the brook Cherith, in the evil hour
Of Ahab's power,
The great Elijah finds a safe retreat,
A refuge sweet ;
Where at the tyrant's fury he can smile,
And from his toil and dangers rest awhile.

The noontide sun flames like a burning brand
O'er the parched land ;
All nature faints,—the flowers forget to blow,
The streams to flow ;—

But here the prophet views another scene—
By the brook Cherith all is cool and green.

Through all the land resounds a cry for bread,—
 He is well fed ;
Each morn and eve the ravens as they fly,
 Bring full supply ;
All creatures are God's messengers. His will
Ravens, or angels, can alike fulfil.

By the brook Cherith all is still and lone—
 A dove's soft moan,
The raven's call, the distant lions roar—
 These, and no more,
Save summer breezes sighing through the wood,
Disturb the calm and holy solitude.

But to the man of God how sweet the rest,
 The calm how blest !
To hear, remote from strife and folly's noise,
 Jehovah's voice ;

Deep, full communion with Himself to hold,
In the great temple He had built of old.

Like sacred anthems sounds among the trees
The morning breeze ;
The western skies glow as the sun retires,
Like altar fires ;
The stars look down through the long silent night,
Like holy watchers with their torches bright.

* * * *

Oh, happy still the prophet's lot to share,
And place of prayer !
By a vain world forgot, alone with thee,
Our God, to be !
Beside the fountains of all truth to go,
And bathe the soul where living waters flow !

Then, in the wilderness, when called from toil
To rest awhile—
When the world turns away with closing door,
And smiles no more—

Then, brother, hear the Master's kind command,
By the brook Cherith meekly take thy stand.

In nature's solitudes—the forest glade,
The mountain's shade,—
In the lone chamber, by the lamp's pale light,
Or moonbeams bright,—
Wherever God is sought in lowly prayer,
By the brook Cherith He can meet thee there.

And when the ravens fail to bring supply,
The stream is dry,
And to the battle-field, or harvest plain,
Christ calls again,—
Then the new summons with new strength obey,
And to Zarephath gladly take thy way.





NOT FORSAKEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF META HÄÜSSER.



EARY and sad I stray
While the last lights of day
Fade in the western sky.

Dear ones are distant far—
Yonder bright evening star
Hears not my lonely sigh.

Music and smiles all round,
Love and delights I found,
Making *my* heart more lone.

Solitude suits with grief—
None can bring mine relief,
Who has not sorrow known.

* * * *

Does not a Form appear
Known to my soul, and dear,
Loving, and calm, and sad?

Couldst thou forget *Him* so,
Long since acquainted with woe,
Making the mourners glad?

Lowly to earth He came,
Bearing our sin and shame,
Learning our grief and pain;

Gently His love imparts
Comfort to broken hearts,
Bidding them hope again.

Now I despond no more,
Darkness and doubt are o'er,
Love everlasting mine!

Yonder bright evening star
Joins me from heaven afar,
Praising this Friend divine!



FATHER FORSCHEGRUND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHUBERT.

“But may not even the blessedness of the noblest spiritual enjoyment become weariness at last? So some have questioned; but he who can ask this has yet to learn how even on earth the soul by faith can behold God and rest in Him. . . . Have you never heard the story of Peter Forshegrund, the cloister brother?”—THOLUCK.



GOOD Father Forshegrund one day
Went forth to meditate and pray;
The cloister walls he left behind,
And onward roved, with pensive mind.
Spring with her beauties filled the land,
Sunshine and song on either hand:—
“How wondrous, Lord, thy gifts appear,
Still changing with the circling year!
Hardly has Spring her jewels spread,
When Summer in her steps will tread;

Then all her gold rich Autumn pours,
Winter his silver, crystal stores;—
If glories such as these we share,
In this poor world of sin and care,
What shall it be upon Thy face
Throughout eternity to gaze?
But yet—for ever—*always* so—
May not the bliss oppressive grow?
Eternity! that awful word—
Will it not seem *too long*, O Lord?
Come, Holy Spirit, to mine aid!”
Thus the good Father mused and prayed.

Lost in such thoughts, he onward strayed
Through the dark firs and forest shade;
Then looked, and lo! a wondrous scene
Of palms, with myrtle bowers between,
And from a tree of beauty rare
Celestial music filled the air:
A bird had come from Paradise,
Who sang a tale of heavenly bliss,

So sweet, that when it caught his ear,
The Father could not choose but hear;
And listening, his very heart
Seemed stolen away by magic art,—
Hearing that soft, enchanting lay,
Of Nature's resurrection day,
From Heaven a golden, healing dew
Falling, and making all things new,
Then every bond and fetter breaking,
All to new life and light awaking,
All the old clouds and shadows vanished,
All the old sins and sorrows banished,
All earth to heaven such praises bringing,
That angels paused to hear the singing:—
Thus sweetly told the heavenly bird,
Transported, Father Peter heard.—
At length perceived the sun was low,
And sighing, roused himself to go:
“Thanks, minstrel, for thy soothing strain;
Meet me to-morrow here again.”

He crossed the palm and myrtle glade,
Then through the oaks' and fir-trees' shade,
And quickly found himself again
Within the convent's old domain.
Still flowed the stream and smiled each flower
As when he passed that morning hour,
But as the cloister rose to view,
Something there seemed of strange and
new;—

He crossed the threshold, gained the stair,—
A youthful Brother met him there :
“ Friend, who are you, and whither come?
A stranger, yet so much at home?”
“ Why, Peter Forshegrund should here,
If anywhere, at home appear.”
“ Forshegrund !” cries the other ; “ well,
That is a likely tale to tell!
More than a thousand years ago
He was a Brother here, I know;
And still around our fire is told
That legend of the times of old,—

How the good monk, one summer day,
Went forth to meditate and pray;
But long the Brothers watched in vain,
And prayed, for his return again,
For never more on earthly ground
Was the lamented Father found.
Some angel, doubtless, from on high
Caught him, like Enoch, to the sky."

Awhile the Father stood amazed,—
Then eyes and hands to heaven he raised:
"O God! how plain is now revealed,
The folly in this heart concealed!
Thy sinful servant dared to deem
Eternity too long might seem,
Spent in the sunshine of thy face,
In showing forth thine endless praise;
And yet, when Thou didst condescend
One heavenly messenger to send,
Only a bird from Paradise,
Singing of resurrection bliss,

While hearing that enchanting lay,
As if but half a summer day,
A thousand years have passed away !
What shall it be, what shall it be,
To know the blest reality ?
When my own eyes my Lord behold,
My faithless heart no longer cold !
Who questions how the hours fly past,
When each seems brighter than the last ?
Unheeded by the saints above,
In the full beams of light and love,
Before thine everlasting throne,
Time and Eternity roll on !”





CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

ON A STORMY DAY IN SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LEONHARD MEISSER.

THOU art not yet the conqueror, O Spring !
Still Winter seeks to re-assert his reign ;
Strives his old forces on the field to bring,
And sends his stormy blasts around again.

But well we know, the strife will not be long,
Thy baffled enemy must yield the day ;
Soon shall the breath of flowers, the voice of song,
Sunshine and calm, proclaim thy gentle sway.

Yes, ever has the victory been thine,
In the old conflict year by year renewed,

And still in future must the foe resign
His icy sceptre, by thy power subdued.

And from the type we take the comfort given—
Life's wintry storms shall not for ever last :
How welcome the repose, the joy of heaven,
When all the toil and tears of earth are past !





ARISE! DEPART!

(SUGGESTED BY A SERMON OF JOHN FOSTER.)

“Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest.”—MICAH ii. 10.



ADLY we hear it now,

That summons, to the thoughtful soul
addressed;

The voice of blighted hope and broken vow,—

“Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest!”

The voice of passing bell,

Of many a last embrace and parting tear,

And fond, vain memories,—we know it well,—

“Arise ye, and depart; your rest ye find not here.”

In lonely, pensive hours,

The echo comes again, with plaintive sigh,—

The voice of setting suns and fading flowers,
And all things bright and fair, which have but bloomed
to die.

Yes; *now* the call is sad,—
But yet far otherwise these notes have rung,
When faith has heard the chorus, soft and glad,
Around a dying saint by guardian angels sung.

“Exile, depart! no more
In the cold land of strangers thou shalt roam.
Arise! thy time of banishment is o’er;
Come to the Father’s house, the love and rest of home.

“Prisoner, arise! away
Cast thy loose fetters and thy broken chain!
Come from the dungeon shade to heaven’s own day,
For ever there in bliss and freedom to remain.

“Sufferer, arise! depart!
The days of pain and weariness are past ;—

Long hast thou borne, with brave and patient heart,
Now for the full release, the endless rest at last.

“ Brother, depart! ’tis He,
Thine own Redeemer, calls thee from above;
Fear not to follow, where thou still canst see
The path Himself hath trod, in days of earthly love.

“ Now in the peaceful tomb
Leave for a while the weary frame of clay,
And far above the vale of tears and gloom
Let the freed spirit soar, on angel wings, away !”

March 1864.





G O D K E E P M Y C H I L D !

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.



OD keep my child ! the hour has come,
Thou goest forth from friends and home,
While life, and love, and hope are new,
And all seems bright that meets thy view,—
God keep my child !

God keep my child ! the world is wide,
I may not hold thee at my side,
But strong as angel-guards shall be
The earnest prayers that follow thee,—
God keep my child !

A father's eye, a mother's hand,
They cannot reach the stranger land ;

But One is ever present there,
I give my treasure to his care,—
God keep my child !

From all the tempter's varied wiles,
Temptations veiled in frowns or smiles,—
From evil men and evil ways,
Perils of dark or joyous days,—
God keep my child !

Thy heart is weak, thy strength is small,—
Ready to stumble or to fall ;
Oh, seek the Lord's upholding power,
His Spirit's help in danger's hour !
God keep my child !

His sceptre all creation sways,
His will the universe obeys ;
Within his arm, before his sight,
We stand, in darkness or in light,—
God keep my child !

Yet the Good Shepherd's tender care
The feeblest of his flock shall share;
He who led Jacob in the way
Still guides and guards, by night or day,—
God keep my child!

The signal waves,—the hour has come,
Thou must go forth from friends and home.
Now let the last fond kiss be given,
And “au revoir,” in earth or heaven!
God keep my child!





MORIAH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.



TWO pilgrims journey along the way,
Far in the East, by the twilight gray.

Faintly above shines the morning star ;
Earth is in silence, near and far.

Silent the voices of breeze or bird ;
Silent the pilgrims—they speak no word.

One is a youth, like the morning fair,
With rosy cheeks and with golden hair ;

The other of aspect calm and high,
A snow-white beard, and an eagle eye.

Lightly the boy gazes all around,
Sadly the man's eyes seek the ground.

On the lad's shoulder wood is laid
(Of such is the fire on the altar made);

The father carries a dagger bright;
It glimmers red in the morning light!

Now to his father speaks the boy,
Lifting his face of light and joy,

"Father, we carry the wood and knife;
Where is the lamb that must yield its life?"

Then to the son does the father say,
Turning his sorrowful face away,—

"God will provide Him a lamb, my son;"
So in the silence they journey on.

This is Abraham, the saint of old;
That is his Isaac, long foretold—

Isaac, the joy of his heart and eyes,
Claimed by his God for a sacrifice !

Abraham knows many a weary way,
But none like this which he takes to-day,

Yet will he tread it, faltering not,
On to the heaven-appointed spot.

See in the distance Moriah rise !
There is the mount of sacrifice !

Up its steep places the pair ascend ;
There shall Faith's journey find an end.

Still the procession moveth on—
Many in Abraham's steps have gone ;

Golden ringlets and locks of snow,
Still together we see them go,

With weary footsteps and weeping eyes,
Up to the mount of sacrifice.

Yonder a father, with silver hair,
Leading his Isaac, young and fair ;

Yonder a mother, sad and pale,
Hushing her infant's feeble wail ;

Silent and slow their treasures they bear,
To lay them bound on the altar there,

And if one questions, how or why ?
Heaven nor earth will make reply.

What thou demandest, Father, see !
We bring it—and leave the rest to Thee.

Onward, sad pilgrims ! surrender all ;
Question not at the Master's call,

See in the distance Moriah rise !
There is the mount of sacrifice !

Up its steep places by faith ascend ;
There shall the journey find an end.

Who are descending the mountain way ?
A smiling youth and a patriarch gray.

This is Abraham, the saint of old ;
That is his Isaac, long foretold—

Isaac, the joy of his heart and eyes,
Claimed by his God for a sacrifice.

The father holds by the hand his boy,
And looks up to heaven in speechless joy.

Sad was their upward path at morn,
Light are their steps as they now return ;

Darkly and sadly the morning rose,
Joyful and bright will the evening close.

Still and for ever the Lord is good ;—
He asks for faith, and not for blood.

God for himself does the Lamb supply—
One mighty Victim *shall* bleed and die,

And he who his dearest gave to the Lord,
An hundred-fold shall receive reward :

Countless the stars that in heaven we see,
So shall the children of Abraham be !

Tremble not—doubt not—venture all ;
Question not at the Master's call.

Still and for ever the Lord is good—
He asks our heart, and not our blood,

One mighty Victim by faith we see,
So may the children of men go free.

With breaking hearts to the mount we come ;
With strange, deep joy He can send us home,—

Yes, and an hundred-fold repay
All He has asked for and called away.

Countless the stars in the heaven above ;
Countless the comforts of Jesus' love !





"SHEW ME A TOKEN FOR GOOD."

PSALM lxxxvi. 17.

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you."—JOHN xiv. 27.



HOW me a token, Lord, a gracious sign,
To cheer and animate my drooping heart;
Make me to feel anew that I am thine,
In bonds of union life nor death shall part.

Here, at thy call, to this thy feast of love,
Among thy people I have come again;
Look down with grace and blessing from above—
Let not thy servant seek thy face in vain!

My old companions from my side are gone:
Fond memory dwells on many an altered scene,

And tells a tale, with sad, reproachful tone,
Of all that is not—and that *might have been*!

The morning lights of life have died away,
Silent and slow the evening shadows fall;—
Oh for a sunset gleam, ere close of day,
To pierce the clouds, illuminating all!

Thou changest not,—the same thy fulness now
Of love and mercy's unexhausted store,
As when, long since, I paid my youthful vow,
And sought the grace I still to-day implore.

What shall I now desire?—not raptures high,
Unearthly visions of the heavenly land;
Give, if thou wilt, that dazzling cup of joy—
I do not, dare not, ask it from thy hand.

But this I ask—deny me not, O Lord!
A fuller share than I have ever known
Of the rich blessing promised in thy word—
Thy last, best gift when parting from thine own.

Peace, which earth never gave—a soothing balm
To heal the wounds and griefs of former years,
To raise my heart, in high and holy calm,
Above all vain regrets, all anxious fears ;—

Peace, with its blessed sense of sin forgiven,
Of love unchanging, mercy full and free ;—
Peace, thine own peace—the harbinger of heaven,
Of all thy people there enjoy with thee !

Grant me this token, Lord ! and so again
I shall pursue my journey, calmly blest,
O'er the rough hill, or through the lonely plain,
On to the land of everlasting rest !

Communion Sabbath, July 1863.





AUTUMN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SPITTA (NACHGELASSENE LIEDER).



AUTUMN ! fair, pensive evening,
Of the long year-day, in thee
A natural, gentle emblem
Of life in its evening I see.

The faded forests are silent—
The birds with their songs have flown,
As the confident proud aspirings,
And visions of youth are gone.

No longer the gay flower-mantle
O'er meadow and hill is spread ;
So youth's gay charms and beauty
With its fleeting steps have fled.

Not for shade or fragrant blossoms
The traveller looks to-day,
But ripe fruits and bracing breezes,
To cheer on his toilsome way.

While over his head seems smiling
The deep bright azure above,
Like eyes that have done with weeping,
Reflecting heaven's peace and love.

And the sunbeams which shine so brightly
Oppress and consume no more;
Like love in its bliss remaining
When passion's fond dream is o'er.

O Autumn ! the year's calm evening,
Let me ever behold in thee
A beautiful, soothing emblem
Of all my own life should be !

September 1864.



THE LAST SNOW ON BEN MORE.

STILL it lingers, lingers yonder—in that long
ravine's dark shade,
With its depths by ancient earthquake and
rent precipices made,
Which no eye of living creature, save the eagle's, has
surveyed.

Still the snow-wreath lingers yonder,—while we
breathe this summer air,
Seeking shelter in the birch-wood from the noontide's
burning glare,
All around us life and sunshine, singing birds and
blossoms fair.

All is sunshine in the valley, summer reigns in earth
and sky,—

Yet a strange attraction draws me to those mountain
cliffs on high,

Looking up at their memento of the winter storms
gone by.

And I think of midnight tempests, blinding drift and
sullen roar,

Leaving wrecks of desolation far and wide by sea
and shore ;

Leaving yonder icy footprint on the forehead of Ben
More !

And I think of storms yet wilder, which through
human hearts have passed,—

With their wrecks of early promise, broken vows and
hopes o'er cast,

Leaving desolated traces, in all future life to
last.

Who knows not some secret sorrow, some long silent
fount of tears,
Hid in Memory's desert places, and when all else
calm appears,
Springing up with sudden freshness, through the
mists of parted years ?

And the higher, nobler natures, longest, deepest, will
retain
Traces left by early conflict, by youth's bitter grief
and pain.
Gone the snows from lesser mountains—on Ben
More they still remain ?

But I feel that all around me in the valley seems
more fair,
All the brighter is the sunshine, and more soft the
summer air,
When I look up to the mountain, and the storm
memento there.

And the peace must be the sweetest given by Jesus
to his own,
When it reigns within a bosom which has weary con-
flicts known,
Looking back to days of darkness, and to idols
overthrown !

Shall it be so still hereafter, in His presence when
we stand,
Fear and sorrow far behind us, one united, ransomed
band,
Yet recalling each the journey through the stormy
pilgrim land ?

Leave the past—and trust the future to our Father's
heart of love ;—
Forward, onward, more his mercy and his faithful-
ness to prove !
Ebenezer ! Ebenezer ! labour here and rest above !

May 1865.



TABOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.



ON Tabor's summit, what resplendent gleams
Are shining from on high !
The dark rocks glow with purple, ruby
beams,
Against the golden sky.
Is it but rosy tints of sunset light,
Or rays from Paradise, which bring the radiance
bright ?

And Thou, my Lord ! Thy glory, such as now,
I never saw before !
That more than snow-white robe, that dazzling brow—
Low prostrate I adore ;

Soft yet majestic thunders roll around,
“Hear my beloved Son!” the rocks and caves re-
sound,

And to the right and left an angel pair,
The sons of heaven, descend!

I see Elijah stand with Moses there—

They talk as friend with friend.

Immortal brothers, with what glad amaze

Your heavenly speech I hear, and on your glories
gaze!

And thou, my heart, so late oppressed and worn

By weights of sin and woe,

Now strong, as if on eagle wings upborne

Above all cares below,

Where are thy burdens now? can death be past,

Mortality behind, and heaven attained at last?

How deep, how dark, the vale below appears,

Scarce in the distance seen;

How vain the objects there, the hopes, the fears,
Viewed from this height serene !
Away, poor vanities ! your reign is o'er ;
Here with my God I heed your claims and calls no
more.

Here it is good to stay, here let us dwell,
Nor turn to earth again.
Now raise our tents, and bid the world farewell,
And here in bliss remain.
What need I more of heaven, than thus to be
For ever on the mount, Lord, with thy saints and
Thee ?

Alas, the vision fades before mine eyes !
I wake from the bright dream ;
Through the dark cedar grove the night-wind
sighs
Beneath the moon's cold beam ;
The splendour and the loveliness are gone,
The angel forms have fled, Jesus remains alone.

And dost *Thou* yet remain, my Lord, my God ?

Thy servant asks no more.

Gladly with Thee I take the downward road,

Returning, as before,

To toil and care ; but from my inmost heart

One memory of bliss shall never more depart.

And that remembrance, light and hope shall yield

Through many a darksome day ;—

Now with fresh vigour to the harvest-field,

Where Thou hast led the way ;

The task appointed to fulfil,—and then,

“ For ever with the Lord,” upon the mount again !

March 1866.





SABBATH EVENING MUSINGS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.

(Free Translation.)

"Blessed are they who feel the home-sickness—they are on the way to home."—HEINRICH STILLING.



WHAT means this strange emotion,
This longing, pensive sigh,
As here I sit in silence,
And gaze on earth and sky?

The evening bells are chiming
Sweet on the summer air,
The evening lights are gleaming
Soft on the landscape fair;

Hardly an insect murmurs,
Or dove with gentle moan ;
I sit within my chamber,
All quiet and alone,

The holy page before me ;
But eyes and fancies stray,—
What means the dreamlike feeling
Which bears my heart away ?

Is it a thought of sadness
That Sabbath rest is o'er,
And week-day cares and labour
Returning as before ?

Or can it be that, weary
Of holy rest and prayer,
I long again the burden
Of common life to bear ?

Are memory's spells around me ?
Fair visions of the past—

Of childhood's Sabbath sunshine,
Long dimmed and overcast ?

Or can the dear departed
Steal from their home on high ?
With silent, tender greetings,
Are spirits passing by ?

Or is *my* spirit striving
To break the mortal chain,
And soar, in fond aspirings,
Her Fatherland to gain ?

Ah, yes ! 'tis here the secret,
The hidden meaning lies,
Of this mysterious sadness
Which fills my heart and eyes.

When falls the Sabbath silence
O'er week-day cares and toil,
Then sound the spirit-voices
Lost in life's vain turmoil.

Then wakes the earnest longing,
The call within my breast,
For a repose yet deeper
Than sweetest Sabbath rest ;

A love more pure, more tender,
A joy more full and true,
Than mortal heart has cherished,
Or mortal breast e'er knew,—

A Sabbath morn, whose sunshine
Fades not with eve away ;—
My God ! when wilt Thou bring me
To that eternal day ?





STRENGTH AND PEACE.

“The Lord will give strength unto his people ; the Lord will bless his people with peace.”—Ps. xxix. 11.



HE will give strength and peace ;—what
would'st thou more,

Oh, faithless heart ? Though dark the
scene around,

Though steep and thorny lies the path before,
And in the distance coming tempests sound,
Let vexing cares and anxious questions cease—
He will give strength and peace !

He will give strength ;—when thine is failing
fast,

His shall sustain thee on the toilsome way ;

Till the long wilderness be overpast,
Thou shalt "go forward" ever, day by day.
His hand shall hold thee up, shall lead thee on,
Till the good fight be won !

He will give peace ;—in sorrow's darkest hour,
When nameless woes distract the weary breast,
Then shall that Voice be heard, which yet hath
power,
As when of old it spoke the waves to rest.
To every storm of the rebellious will,
He can say, " Peace, be still !"

Look not behind ;—seek to recall no more
The long dark shadows of past grief and fear ;
Look not beyond—thou canst not see the shore
Now, through the gloom, yet may the port be
near.
Let vain regrets and sad forebodings cease,
He will give strength and peace.

Strength, for the days of conflict or of toil,
Peace, in the dreary hours of woe and pain ;
Through all the changes of life's "little while,"
This word of promise shall unchanged remain.
His covenant stands, though mountains may depart ;
What would'st thou more, sad heart ?

September 1866.





THE LAST SUNSET.

“Let me look once more on what my Divine Father has diffused even here, as a faint intimation of what he has somewhere else. I am pleased with this, as a distant outskirt, as it were, of the Paradise towards which I am going.”—JOHN FOSTER.



LOSE not the casement, love ;
Nay, raise the curtain,—I would look
once more
On the bright stream and autumn-tinted
grove,
Our own blue lake and its dark mountain shore ;

All we so long have known,—
And loved with that deep passion of the heart,
Which cannot be a thing of earth alone,
Which must of our immortal life be part.

Yes, I would gaze again,
At the old sunset hour, on earth and sky,
Though doubting not its image will remain,
One of the memories which can never die.

How brightly lingers still
That golden glory in the radiant west !
How its reflection glows, on wood and hill,
The rushing river, and the lake's calm breast !

I go to scenes more fair,
More glorious—yet to these affection clings;
First tokens here of what awaits us there,
Time's passing types of everlasting things.

I thank thee, O my God,
My Father ! for the goodness which has given
So much to beautify our brief abode,
Our pilgrim path as thy redeemed to heaven.

And now thy voice I hear ;—
Thou callest, I obey,—well pleased I come,
Leaving the outer courts, so fair, so dear,
For higher joys within my Father's home !

October 1865.





